



# MONTEREY NEWS

APRIL 1991



## TOWN NEWS

On March 17, the Selectmen suspended Police Chief Douglas Lyman for disobeying an order from the Selectmen. In October, Chief Lyman had been warned that no civilians, except those in police custody, are to be allowed in a police cruiser, nor are civilians permitted in an unmarked car while it is being used on official police business.

The suspension was imposed when Selectmen Matt Williams and Bill Bohn came upon Chief Lyman on radar traffic watch with his son Dale in the unmarked car.

A termination hearing has been set for April 9 at 10:30 a.m. at the Town Hall. Chief Lyman said he will request that the hearing be open to the public.

The Selectmen have named Gordon Hamm as acting police chief.

In a letter to the Board of Selectmen, the owners of Rock Ridge, Arthur and Alice Somers, stated that they will no longer be opening their home as a gathering place. Rock Ridge is a large historic estate located on Tyringham Road. For several years it has been available for weddings and other functions. According to the letter, there has been a lawsuit threatened by a Mr. Kerlinsky, who objects to the activity and the noise. In previous years, the Somers were granted permits, but due to recent changes in the zoning bylaws, they would now need to go before the Board of Appeals. The Somers stated that they "feel confident that the Board of Appeals would grant a special permit for Rock Ridge," but they have decided not to apply due to the threatened lawsuit.

The Selectmen have appointed Jim Laffey to the Panel Advisory Board of the South County Housing Rehabilitation Program. The panel is composed of business people and contractors from South County towns who review complaints and resolve conflicts in the building trades.

Town Clerk Barbara Swann asked that the Board of Selectmen appoint a Deputy Constable, an office required for the upcoming elections at the Town Meeting on May 4. The Selectmen unanimously voted that Linda Thorpe be appointed Deputy Constable for a term ending June 30, 1991.

The following building permit applications were approved: Arthur Tessler for the construction of a cellar bathroom at his Main Road house, submitted by Walter Baenziger, the builder; Home Realty and Construction



SUSAN McALLESTER

of Great Barrington for the construction of a single family dwelling on Blue Hill Road, submitted by Matt Dukas; Matt Williams of Route 57 for the construction of a storage shed on Pixley Road; Mr. and Mrs. Simon of Monterey for the renovation of a single-family dwelling on Sylvan Road, submitted by Jim Laffey, the contractor. The following driveway permits were issued: James Masters of Huntington, New York, for the construction of a driveway on Swann Road; Home Realty and Construction of Great Barrington for the construction of a driveway on Blue Hill Road, submitted by Chuck Dukas.

— Maggie Leonard

## PLANNING BOARD NEWS

The Planning Board held a special meeting on March 7 to consider various requests coming before the Board of Appeals. The following members were present: Wayne Burkhart, Elk Dempsey, Joyce Scheffey and Bob Thieriot.

The first item was the Susser request for a special permit to construct a bathroom in their Lake Garfield boathouse. The Planning Board was unanimously opposed to granting the special permit, which they believe is in direct conflict with the zoning bylaw. The boathouse is a non-conforming structure that was built prior to zoning, but it is legal for owners to continue to use the structure as a boathouse. The Board believes that the construction of a bathroom would increase the non-conforming nature of the building, and would make the building more "dwelling-like." In addition, the proposal relies on a pump to take the effluent from this potential lakeside bathroom uphill to the existing septic tank and leaching system. In a letter to the Board of Appeals, Joe Baker, the Chairman of the Planning Board, states that "In the event of pipe breakage or leakage, pump failure or power failure, there could be a point source for raw sewage in close proximity to the lake, thus endangering the water and the health of all those who use the lake or live near it."

The next item was an appeal by Stephen Kwass of Point Road of the rejection of his building permit application. Mr. Kwass' original building permit application was turned down because both the Planning Board and the Board of Selectmen believed that it did not comply with the zoning bylaw. The Kwass lot is grandfathered as to size and setback, and although continued use is legal, any enlargement or expansion must be authorized by a special permit from the Board of Appeals. Even with a special permit, the law specifies that the "change shall result in a structure no more than 25% greater in overall height, total area, and total interior volume than the original," and that the building must retain its original "footprint" on the land in order to be considered the same non-conforming structure. Mr. Kwass' plans indicated far more extensive alterations.

Finally, the Planning Board gave its approval for a special permit request by Mr. Hiemann to construct a cellar hatchway in the 25-foot setback area of his side lot. In a letter to the Board of Appeals, Chairman Joe Baker stated that "although another location for the hatchway would be preferable, it is within the intent of the zoning bylaw to allow the construction of such a structure within the setback area."

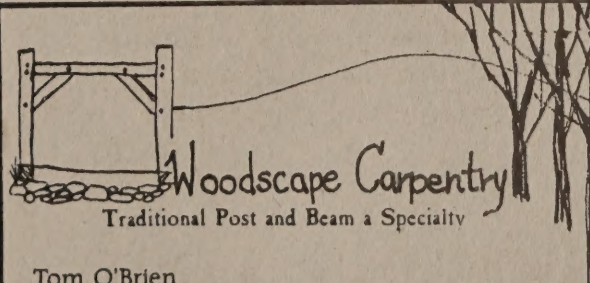
On March 15, the Planning Board held its regular meeting with members Wayne Burkhart, Elk Dempsey, Joyce Scheffey and Chairman Joe Baker attending. Mike Parsons of Kelly, Granger, Parsons & Associates presented the Board with a survey for the McAllester property on Route 23 and Hupi Road. The plan divides the property into two parcels, one that includes their dwelling on a lot of 11.762 acres and another lot consisting of 33.59 acres. There are no plans to build at this time. The Planning Board approved the plan.

Mr. Parsons resubmitted a survey for the Monterey Land Associates partnership. The current survey had a new side lot line on an interior lot. The Board approved the plan, which otherwise remains the same as the previously approved plan.

The Board also approved a land survey executed for Marion Thompson of Sandisfield Road. The plan divides the property into two parcels. One lot, consisting of 5.696 acres, includes a single-family dwelling, and the other lot is approximately 85 acres of land.

Pat Amstead and her representative Bob Hoogs presented the Planning Board with a revised definitive plan for Fox Hill Realty Trust. The previous plan lacked an erosion and sedimentation control plan and an environmental impact statement. With these specifications met and the additional delineation of the flood plain on the survey, the plan was officially filed. A public hearing will be scheduled.

— Maggie Leonard



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## CHURCH NEWS

"Ecology is the spirituality of reconciliation of the human species with the earth—our source of life and nourishment. It is a reunion, a coming home." Mary Southard's quote hits home, especially with the coming of spring. How often do we equate our personal spirituality with ecology? Biblically, the Christian Church maintains that we humans are created in the image of God and are stewards (caretakers) of this wondrous creation. Finally, after decades and centuries of mismanagement, the human race is slowly realizing the magnitude of our responsibility and the enormity of our neglect.

As we enter the season of new life and growth here's a little quiz to test your ecological knowledge. Ready? Begin!

1. The 10,000,000 gallons of crude oil spilled in the Exxon Valdez catastrophe would have kept all the cars in the U. S. going for . . .  
a) 1 day b) 1 week c) 1 month  
d) 1 year
2. How many species of plants and animals become extinct daily?  
a) 10 b) 25 c) 50 d) 100
3. In 1990 the population of the world increased by . . .  
a) 40 million b) 60 million c) 80 million  
d) 100 million
4. How many babies die daily from hunger and disease?  
a) 10,000 b) 20,000 c) 30,000  
d) 40,000
5. Fifty acres of rain forest disappear every . . .  
a) second b) minute c) hour d) day
6. What percent of the world's resources does the U. S. consume?  
a) 9 b) 16 c) 20 d) 25
7. How many acres will the world's deserts expand this year?  
a) 10 million b) 15 million c) 20 million  
d) 25 million

The questions alone portray the ecological fact that we have gone too far in ravaging our mother earth. And if creation is a gift to us from the Ultimate

Creator, then what does the state of our environment say about us as stewards and, even more markedly, about our relationship to our benefactor God? Chief Seattle spoke wisely 100 years ago:

The earth does not belong to people; people belong to the earth. . . . The earth is precious to the Creator, and to harm the earth is to heap contempt upon its creator.

Enough said. Oh, yes, the answers to the quiz are 1-a, 2-d, 3-c, 4-d, 5-b, 6-d, 7-b (U. N. sources).

— Cliff Aerie

There is a power  
At work in nature  
Which can achieve the impossible.  
It is our faith  
That will release within us  
And the universe  
This great power.

— Mary Southard  
"Wounded Earth/Wonder Earth"

### COME SHARE THE SPIRIT!

The Monterey United Church of Christ  
Sunday Worship Celebration 10:00 A.M.  
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## CHILDREN'S HEALTH PROGRAM

A reminder of the Active Parenting classes due to begin April 3, from 7:00-9:00 p.m. at the Children's Health Program. There will be six sessions, with various aspects of parenting discussed. The course fee is \$30.00, or \$5.00 a session. Playgroup leaders and volunteers may take the course for \$15.00. Scholarships are available. For more information and to register, please call Claudette Callahan at 528-9311.

Several families have indicated an interest in the American Red Cross Community CPR and First Aid Courses. We have scheduled classes for the following dates: April 16, 23, and 30 and May 7 from 7:00-10:00 p.m. at the Children's Health Program. The cost for both classes is \$5.00, and the book for each class will cost about \$10.00. The CPR class will be limited to eight people. For more information and to register, please call Claudette.

The Annual Bike-a-Thon is scheduled for May 5, with a rain date of May 12, 1:00-3:00 p.m. at Monument Mountain Regional High School. There will be two separate areas, one for toddlers and one for older cyclists. Since we know that CHP funding will be cut, we are asking parents to help out in any way they can with this major fund raiser. We need sponsors for children riding in the bike-a-thon, snacks and help in managing the event and the CHP store. Please call Claudette or Wendy to offer your help. Sponsor sheets can be obtained at playgroups, area schools, or CHP.

We know spring will be here soon. We are planning a trip for families to Gould Farm on April 30, 11:00 a.m.-1:00 p.m. Plan to join us to see the animals. Bring a picnic lunch and be sure to wear boots, because it's likely to be muddy.

— Claudette Callahan

## MONTEREY GRANGE NEWS

Monterey Grange #291 met on February 20. Members brought in articles of unusual interest, and there was a skit entitled "The Trading Post."

Worthy Master Tillie Butler, Worthy Lecturer Mary Wallace, Worthy Assistant Steward Richard Hardisty, Worthy Pomona Violet Hardisty and Executive Committee Member Robert Hardisty attended the 80th anniversary of Stockbridge Grange #295, where Richard Hardisty served as Assistant Steward. Tillie Butler and Mary Wallace attended West Stockbridge Grange #246 on February 4, where Sister Butler served as Lady Assistant Steward.

The Grange met on March 6 for a Women's Activities Program. Projects, contests and fund raisers were discussed.

The date for the public card party will be April 13 at 7:30.

Worthy Master Tolitha Butler presented a plaque to Margaret Holohan (accepted by her daughter, Patricia Holohan) for her entry in the stuffed toy contest. There were 900 entries, and Sister Margaret received a score of 94.

The Grange was invited to Booster Night at Granby, Connecticut, on March 21. March 20 was Booster Night in Monterey, with past State Flora Vivian Shaw of Granby, Connecticut, as guest speaker. Guests from Granby, Sharon, Huntington, Umpachene and Stockbridge attended.

The Grange will have an exhibit at the Monterey Post Office during Grange Week.

The next meeting will be April 3 for a conservation program in charge of Sister Eleanor Kimberley and committee.

— Mary Wallace, Lecturer

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## COMMUNITY TAG SALE

**Saturday, June 15 9-4**  
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Reserve a space — \$15  
Tables — \$5 extra

See Gale at General Store  
**Sell Yer Stuff!**

## LAND TRUST NEWS

Lincoln, Massachusetts, as many of you doubtless know, is an amazing place. You turn off Route 28 onto Trapelo Road, head west and immediately — there you are in the country. Skinny roads, broad fields, etc. If you head east toward Belmont, it's the usual story . . . shopping centers, fat roads, no fields.

I decided while there on one of our periodic trips to call up Bob Lemire, the mover and shaker of the Lincoln Land Trust. My idea was perhaps to visit this fabulous trust, which has been so successful in saving the rural character of its town. As it happened, visiting the Trust was not in the cards that day, but Bob Lemire said many interesting things on the phone. He wasn't exactly impatient, but he wasn't patient either. First of all, he knew my brother-in-law Andrew (everyone who has ever had anything to do with the conservation movement knows Andrew), which may be why he gave me a full ten minutes of his time although he had to catch a train.

One of the interesting things he said was, "People believe implicitly in the right to remain ignorant." This was after I had ignorantly asked him how he managed the various vagaries of the Alternate Minimum Tax. "That's a narrow view," he said. "You're assuming that the only path to the preservation of land is land donations." (This is not strictly true, but true enough so that I did not contradict him. It certainly is the *easiest* way for a volunteer land trust such as ours.) He went on to say that the community must offer the landowner all the available options. The landowner who needs to, or wants to, should be able to realize the full dollar value for his land. It is possible for him to do this with community help. The option of tax savings through easements and donations should definitely be examined, but it is not for everyone. Creative community development might be described as finding ways to protect and release landowner dollar values so as to minimize environmental conflicts and promote desired development within the context of overall community interest. The options are complicated, and they take time, but they are there. He had to go.

Having ascertained that a paperback edition of his book, *Creative Land Development: Bridge to the Future*, could be bought at the local Audubon Society, I decided to relinquish my long held and inalienable right to remain ignorant. Somewhat chastened, I went and got it.

"To date," it says "there has been a tendency for the 'savers' and 'builders' to organize into separate

camp when decisions about change arise, and to fight each other based on short-term issues instead of long-term planning for both development and protection results.

"When the time comes for landowners to realize the dollar value of their property, their communities must offer them alternative paths to value realization—one that gives the community as a whole a chance to decide on preferred land use."

The book is full of case histories and tools to achieve creative development. I plan to get a copy to the Monterey Library, and I urge you all to read it and lend a hand.

— Joyce Scheffey



## PARK COMMISSION NEWS

This year's skating rink season, although short, boasted our best ice conditions ever throughout January and February. We missed only that very warm first week in February when it was 60 degrees for several days in a row. Even after that major thaw, most of the ice was still there, and it took only two days to get skating again. Although many people worked on ice making throughout the season, special thanks go to Mick Burns, Jed Lipsky, Roger Tryon and John Humphrey, each of whom put in 15-20 hours on the hoses.

The interest in men's ice hockey continued to grow like wildfire, and we added several new local regulars. Hockey has become so popular that we now have the numbers to form a town league for next year. Anyone of any ability is welcome to take part and is guaranteed to have fun.

The rink saw a lot of after-school use this year, and we noticed a crew of younger hockey players coming up. Next year we will make a serious commitment to having regular, supervised kids' hockey hours.

We estimate that we could extend our season by three weeks or so at both ends if we could cover the ice to protect it during warm spells. To this end, we are looking for large, thick plastic covers (such as pool covers). If you have something like that to donate, please call me at 528-0542.

— Jim Thomas

## ELECTION SLATES ANNOUNCED

Elections for Town officers will be held at the annual Town Meeting, May 4. The following officials are incumbents running for re-election and have been nominated by both the Republicans and the Democrats:

**Selectman:** Georgiana O'Connell

**Moderator:** Mark Makuc

**Finance Committee:** Nicholas Wool

**Library Trustees:** John Higgins, Eileen Clawson

**Town Clerk:** Barbara Swann

**School Committee:** Evelyn Vallianos

**Tree Warden:** Roger Tryon

**Cemetery Committee:** Linda Thorpe

Hans Kessler has received the nomination of both parties for the vacancy on the **Board of Assessors**.

The following offices are contested:

**Board of Appeals:** Republican, Peter Brown;  
Democrat, Robert Gauthier

**Planning Board:** Republican, Maggie Leonard;  
Democrat, Gordon Hamm

**Park Commission:** Republican, Leroy Thorpe;  
Democrat, Howard Burns

Introductions to the new candidates will appear in the May issue of the *Monterey News*.

## FIRE COMPANY COURSES

The Monterey Fire Company will sponsor CPR and first aid classes if there is sufficient public interest. Before anything can be scheduled, we need to know how many people we can count on. If you are interested, fill in the form below and send it in to Box 99, Monterey.

I would like to learn:

☐ CPR      ☐ First aid

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone Number: \_\_\_\_\_

## NEW POST OFFICE HOURS

Due to the arrival time of mail in the morning and the dispatch of mail at night, it is necessary to adjust the window service hours.

Effective April 22, 1991, the hours of operation at the Monterey Post Office will be as follows:

### Lobby Hours:

Monday-Friday      8 a.m.-5 p.m.

Saturday      8 a.m.-1 p.m.

### Window Service Hours:

Monday-Friday      8 a.m.-1 p.m.

2 p.m.-5 p.m.

Saturday      9 a.m.-1 p.m.

## PLASTIC RECYCLING BEGINS IN MONTEREY

The Monterey Solid Waste Committee is very happy to announce that Monterey will join other regional towns in recycling of certain plastics. On April 6, the Master Garbologists, Robin and Joe Mallory, will place a 15-yard container at our disposal area. The program will cost us nothing and will eventually produce some revenue for the Town.





All plastic containers are required to have a number stamped on them, usually on the bottom. For now, we can recycle only bottles marked with the numbers 1,2,3, and 5. The Mallorys are busy investigating markets for other forms of plastic, and we hope to be able to recycle all plastic in the not-too-distant future.

The program has been a great success in several towns. According to the Mallorys the amount of sorting required by them at their end after collection was minimal—far below their expectations. We (the Solid Waste Committee) will cover the disposal area for the first days and have fliers with instructions produced and available at the Town Offices and the disposal area.

We suggest that if you have questions you call Robin or Joe at 229-3442, or one of us. We have long wanted to reduce the plastic in our non-recyclable waste stream and now at last we are on our way!

— The Monterey Solid Waste Committee  
Wayne Burkhart, Chairman;  
Rudy Gero  
Joyce Scheffey  
Bob Thieriot

## PLASTIC BOTTLE RECYCLING





It's as easy as    OR  STAMPED ON THE BOTTOM!!!

1. REMOVE AND DISCARD CAPS !
2. RINSE BOTTLES THOROUGHLY!
3. LABELS MAY BE LEFT ON!
5. CRUSH BOTTLES WHEN POSSIBLE!

Take your recyclable PLASTIC BOTTLES to the Sheffield Transfer Station  
--or make arrangements with your local hauler.

Most plastic bottles will be accepted -- but remember -- it must be a BOTTLE!

### ACCEPTABLE

Any bottle that has a    or  stamped on the bottom AND contains a substance we use to DRINK, EAT, COOK, CLEAN or WASH with.

Examples include:

**DRINK** -- Milk Jugs, Cider, Water, Soft Drinks,  
Pepto Bismol, Ocean Spray,  
Cranberry Juice, Gatorade, Alcohol

**EAT** -- Honey, Vinegar, Salad Dressing,  
Peanut Butter, Jelly, Mustard, Ketchup,  
Maple Syrup

**COOK** -- Vegetable Oil

**CLEAN** -- Palmolive Dish Detergent, Liquid  
Spic and Span, Laundry Detergent,  
Fabric Softener, Bleach, Floor Polish,  
Window Cleaners, Disinfectant,

**WASH** -- Shampoo, Body Lotions, Mouth Wash,  
Alcohol, Contact Lens Cleaners

### NOT ACCEPTABLE

ANY bottle with contents that we use for  
GARDENING, PAINTING, FIXING THE  
CAR, or for MEDICAL purposes.

Examples include:

**GARDENING** -- Fertilizers, Pesticides

**PAINTING** -- Paints, Varnishes, Stains,  
Sealers, Paint Thinners/Removers

**AUTOMOTIVE** -- Anti-freeze, Motor Oil,  
Lubricants

**MEDICAL** -- IV Bottles, Hoses, Syringes,  
Pill Bottles, Pill Capsules

**NON-BOTTLE PLASTICS** -- Plastic  
Bags, Toys, Six-Pack Rings, "Styrofoam",  
Plastic Food Wraps, Plastic Hangers, Pens,  
Flower Pots, Plastic Trays

\*\*\*\*\*

NEVER -- NEVER -- NEVER

NO  
PESTICIDES

NO  
MOTOR OILS

NO  
MEDICAL WASTES

NO  
PAINTS

## RAJEE UPDATE

It's hard to believe it's been only nine months since Rajee came to the Aerie family. It's most certainly been a remarkable time. The prayerful and loving support of the Monterey community has meant a great deal to us as we move into a new era.

If you've seen Rajee recently you've undoubtedly noticed a bouncy young girl on crutches overcoming almost every barrier and obstacle. Her only difficulty is negotiating stairs without handrails. In fact, she's been so determined to walk that she has literally broken her braces seven times. So, the orthopedics experts at the Shriner's Hospital are busily creating new devices to keep pace with her activity.

Rajee is now attending kindergarten here in town and is making new friendships every day. Her ability to converse in English is so dramatic that everyone (including us) is amazed. The doctors are also astonished with her physical progress. Although it appears that she will always need crutches and braces, she's already exceeded the expectations of her surgeon.

So it's a big, bright, wonderful world opening up before her. Even though she's physically handicapped, it is quite evident that the future holds limitless opportunities for her. Who knows how far Rajee will go in life?

— Jan and Cliff Aerie



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## THANK YOU FROM THE WALSHES

Dear Friends of Milly Walsh,

Milly and her family would like to express our appreciation and gratitude to all her wonderful friends who visited, made phone calls, sent cards, flowers, food and prayers during her recent medical emergency. Your sincere concern and love has sustained us and given us strength. Thank you, and God bless you all.

— Milly, Brook and Bonnie Walsh

## THE BIDWELL HOUSE SEEKS VOLUNTEERS

If you appreciate history, architecture and the decorative arts, and if you enjoy meeting people, then volunteering at The Bidwell House could be a rewarding opportunity for you. Docents and volunteers are needed for the 1991 season, which runs from May through October. Training will be provided before the season opens. For more information, contact Shirley Clute at 528-6888.

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## THE SUGARHOUSE MOUSE, ON DESTINY AND NATURE



My days in the sugarhouse are borderline frantic, as a rule. I carry wood, stoke the fire, check the valves and the levels in the front and back pans. I listen to the sound of the boil to tell when it has foamed up and needs to be shot down with a drop of cream, and I watch the thermometer to keep track of the boiling point of what's in the front pan so I'll know when a "draw" is imminent. I look scientific as I pour hot syrup into the hydrometer cup and check specific gravity. If there are visitors or customers around, this is a point at which I quit the gab and settle down to drive. This is when one false move could cost me my day's work, or the entire sugarhouse, or worse.

After several hours like this, full of danger, high technology and big money, I'm always ready to relax at the end of the day for my conversations with the Sugarhouse Mouse. She waits until the visitors are gone and I've stopped running around. I've quit stoking, washed out the filters, swept the floor and am just sitting on the chopping block babysitting the evaporator while it cools down.

I'm sticky, I'm scorched, there's bark in my hair. I'm thinking I should have become a professor after all, with a nice salary, a pension plan and all those adoring students. I picture myself closing the door of my snug little office and going home to my tidy house (brick) in a residential part of Northampton or maybe Amherst. Just as my dream starts to take off, I am brought back to reality by the mouse.

"Hey! What's your problem? Not so happy with your life in the woods? You getting sick of nature, or what?" She is a deer mouse, about the neatest little bundle of eyes, whiskers, white belly, sandy top and delicate ears I ever saw. My dreams of suburban academia vanish.

"Hi, Sugar. I wondered if you'd make it today. Where ya been?"

"Don't ask," she says. "Besides, we were talking about you. You were wandering again. I don't know why you people can't pick a course and stick it, no regrets. Like us mice, for instance."

I don't argue with her as to what we're talking about. I've known from the beginning that she reads my mind. "That's easy for you to say. You're a mouse. You're part of the natural world, and it's your simple destiny to avoid cats, steal birdseed and chew up syrup filters at night when I'm not around. You're lucky. Old Ma Nature wrote your chapter before you were even born, and all you have to do is scamper along the blazed trail, as it were."

She licks something sticky off her tail. "Since you feel like such a controlling force around here, I wish you'd mop the counter. I suppose you think it's all peaches and cream in the natural world. I've heard about you nature writers, how you get so sentimental over the spider in her web, the little fuzzy fox cubs gamboling in the sun. You ever see the mandibles on the spider, up close? And do you know what those fuzzy foxes do to mice? Why only last fall I lost my beloved Aunt Stub-tail to a . . ."

"You told me last week that Stub-tail went to Florida in a bag of dogfood," I say sternly. "Let's keep the stories straight. Anyway, I never said, or even thought, I was sick of nature. I accept nature. I don't love it, I don't hate it. When I think about moving to town and keeping my fingernails clean, it's got nothing to do with how I feel about nature, which includes foxes, spiders, maple syrup and Sugarhouse Mice. Which, by the way, I want to point out you wouldn't even *be* if I hadn't built this structure in the first place."

"Oh, I know," she said artfully. "Our paths do cross in more ways than one, and every time I dodge your cursed cats, I remind myself how happy I've been since I moved in here, for a lot of reasons. The best part of all is living close to you people, observing your fascinating life-style and ever vacillating self-image. I'm actually taking notes, thinking of writing a book."

This is all I need. *She's* writing a book. "Please try to remember you are a mouse, a wild natural creature. You take each moment as it comes, never knowing the agonies of self-reproach, the road not taken. Also, you do not write books; *I* write books. And you especially do not get them published."

She sits up, preens her snowy belly a little, and straightens her already perfect whiskers. Then she gives me a sympathetic look, taking in my sooty jeans and sticky sweatshirt where the back pan has splashed me. "Maybe you should have been a professor after all, or even a mouse. At least you'd be tidier." Then she flicks

her tail. "I'm off. Gotta feed the kids, rough out chapter one and talk to my agent."

I don't know why I even like this mouse. I tell myself appearances are not everything, and she is probably fibbing about her agent, just like her Aunt Stub-tail. I close up, put the paper goods under a bucket, and take off through the woods for home. I think what I like is the way she shakes me up, gets me confused about nature and destiny and everything. I suppose her book will really take off; anyway, she'll look fantastic on the dust jacket.

— Bonner J. McAllester



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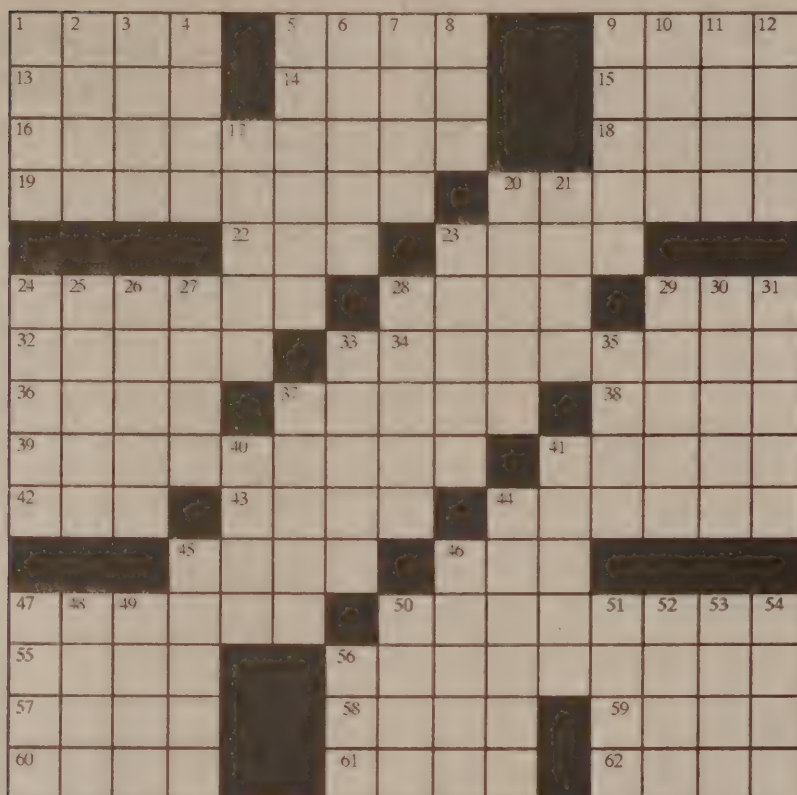
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# SIGNS OF THE FAMOUS AND INFAMOUS

By Ted Tchack



## ACROSS

- 1 "Winnie \_\_\_\_  
Pooh"  
5 Slang  
9 Greek letters  
13 Tidy  
14 Sheltered  
15 Undone  
16 MARTIN  
LUTHER  
KING  
18 Confused  
19 Agreed  
20 Hark!  
22 Sign of in-  
fection  
23 Containers  
24 HARRY S.  
TRUMAN  
28 Spheres  
29 Nucleic acid

- 32 Ready \_\_\_\_  
33 Form of  
racism  
36 Tune in  
37 Girl's name  
38 Won on  
the serve  
39 Subordinate  
41 Serious  
42 Fast jet  
43 American  
author  
44 Hollowed  
45 Egg shaped  
46 Nearest star  
47 GEORGE M  
COHAN  
50 WOLFGANG  
AMADEUS  
MOZART  
55 Landed  
56 Fishes

- 57 Rod  
58 Ditch  
59 Trouble  
60 Let it stand  
61 Helps  
62 Crochets

## DOWN

- 1 Peruvian  
2 Meadows  
3 Circuits  
4 To be in  
France  
5 Desert plant  
6 Medicinal  
plant  
7 Twerp  
8 Plagues or  
Command-  
ments  
9 Rank  
10 Army

- 11 "That's  
clear"  
12 Musial  
17 Data, e.g.  
20 CHRISTO-  
PHER CO-  
LUMBUS  
21 Org.  
23 Area  
24 Producer  
Michael &  
family  
25 ADOLF  
HITLER  
26 Not ap-  
propriate  
27 Part  
28 Deem  
29 Summary  
30 Fist (sl.)  
31 Totaled  
33 Spinning

- 35 Heavenly  
instrument  
37 Poe or  
Cayce  
40 Church area  
41 Prison camp  
44 Woos  
45 Singing  
group  
46 Team  
47 Tops  
48 Much  
49 African river  
50 Yours in  
Bordeaux  
51 Remainder  
52 Greek letter  
53 Group  
54 Soviet units  
56 Wee in Scone

Answers on page 18

## THIS IS FOR HER

*This is for her whose name I cannot hope to  
remember,  
The withered brown woman, old and desperate  
Who came to work in our house where it was warm  
And out of the wind of the usual bleak December:  
After three days, maybe four, she was gone.*

*Though convalescent she was able to work, Mama  
said.*

*To me, simple onlooker, she seemed sick yet.  
Still, there was a War on, and if you could find  
Any sort you tried her. Work would maintain her —  
that and the bed  
Under eaves up back-stairs she panted to climb.*

*She cackled and fractured her voice and past her  
strength strove  
To keep bed, warmth, and recess from dagger wind.  
She, who ought to have been succored and cherished,  
Must wrestle beds and chairs, be a pot scrubber,  
tend our stove  
—and trembled and failed. This at once established.*

*Sleet rattled. Jovial with terror announced she  
would cook  
Apple pie, dropped it un-baked on the floor, grinned.  
Her cracked voice laughed haw-hee. Then knuckled  
her eyes  
And wept. Where would she sleep and shelter? The  
skinny arms shook,  
Tried again. There was no salvation in pies.*

*Lawd Jesus Hissself refused to preserve her from this  
world's harms.  
Back to hurling weather, silent and helpless  
She was sent abroad, "let go" from our white place.  
I, apprentice to sorrow, would have fetched her in  
my arms  
And crooned, and rocked her, and stroked her  
ruined face.*

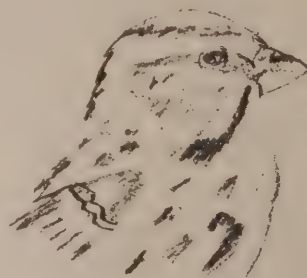
*Nameless broken creature, for five twilit decades  
curled  
Biding in heart's dim chambers, had I the genius  
To evoke you, you should in triumphant turn  
Invoke Pity Herself, and Pity would redeem the  
world  
From all children's mourning, and their cause to  
mourn.*

— Jim Michelman

## SPRING — THE RESURRECTION SEASON

*When all the flowers that through the winter slept  
Push through the warming earth of a new spring,  
The trees put on their garments green once more  
And birds return to build their nests and sing,  
The butterflies emerge from their cocoons  
Which kept them from the winter's chilling cold  
Through a marvelously metamorphic change,  
Wait in the sunshine 'til their wings unfold.  
The brooks run high and willow's tresses wave  
As gentle springtime breezes pass them by.  
And peepers raise their voices once again  
When stars come out and twinkle in the sky.  
Such miracles the seasons always bring —  
All nature seems to resurrect in spring.*

— Eleanor Kimberley



## ALCHEMIC SPRING

*Alchemy began in the finch's breast  
And back and sides that didn't go bare  
But turned from lead to patches of white  
And then to gold, except for a pair  
Of jet black wings. The willow tree  
Has given its withes an auric glow  
Telling of spring by signaling  
A transmutation, exquisite, slow.*

— David P. McAllester

## THE MAGIC MAJJIT

To Kristen, age 5

*I never saw an Easter Bun  
I never hoped to see one —  
But still I thought it would be fun  
To start right out and be one.*

*I roamed near lakes, and climbed the hill,  
I drank from buttercups to my fill,  
Found violets bedded near each rill  
And birds with pleasing Easter trill.*

*At last, exhausted, I came home  
To tell this mirthful tale to some —  
How dreaming, that night, sleepy-dumb,  
The Easter Bunny seemed to come.*

*With palette tints and long-stemmed stick  
He gave each egg a merry flick:  
Made one a buttery yellow trick,  
Lake-blue and green, others he'd prick,*

*Then, winding all around he furled  
Bewitching colors till there twirled  
On every egg a pattern blurred  
With glimpse of flower or sight of bird.*

*I never thought an Easter Rabbit  
Could walk along unseen (from habit)  
Choosing each thing I'd loved — and grab it —  
But there he was, the Magic Majjit!*

— Sue Moody, 1990



## HAIKU

*A long delayed spring:  
The crocus and snowdrop with  
Whistling winds and snow.*

— Ann M. LaVallee



Sudi

## WHO'S WHO IN MONTEREY

### Fred and Lucie Lancome

Fred and Lucie (Driessen) Lancome were both born into banking families in Brussels in the first decade of this eventful century. They were both drawn to Paris, then the center of the art world. Lucie studied art history at the Sorbonne, and Fred sculpted at the Academie des Beaux Arts. When they got married, Fred found a way for his artistic eye and lively imagination to support a family: he began to design the hats, always gorgeous and often fantastic, that appeared in the Theatre de la Comedie Francaise.

Then in the disaster of World War II, Fred and Lucie came to America on the last ship that left France before the ports were closed. After seventeen harrowing days of zigzagging across the Atlantic in a convoy one jump ahead of the submarines, they began a new life in the art world of New York City. Fred's hat designs were an immediate success, and he became known for his subtle translations of French fashions into American styles.



Lucie modeling one of Fred's hats, created for Helena Rubinstein in the 1940s.

Again the war intervened as the United States came into the conflict. Fred imagined that he might be useful as a radio announcer to the French underground. Instead, he found that the manpower commission was much more interested in the fact that he knew how to milk cows, his family having owned a country place in the south of France. The Lancomes ended up on a farm in Vermont, where they and sixteen cows contributed to the war effort for the next four years. During that time they visited friends in this region and fell in love with the Berkshires.

The locus became Monterey when Lucie's father came to Gould Farm to recover from the stresses of the war and his wife's death. Lucie and Fred had found their return to New York less attractive after their exposure to rural New England, but the question was how to earn a living here. It was Agnes Gould who suggested that they start a French restaurant. She helped them find their present home in Monterey, a replica of a 1630 home in Plymouth. Fred had learned how to cook when he learned about farming and was already famous among their friends for his meals. "Sun Inside", named for its many windows, and soon noted for its food, was born.

Now the Lancomes hit their stride. At first they ran the restaurant year-round, but then they began to limit their culinary pursuits to the Tanglewood season to give Fred a chance to sculpt again. His pieces began to be exhibited locally, nationally and internationally. In 1966 he published *A Sculptor Speaks to the Onlooker*, in which he expresses his commitment to the human form carved in such a way as to "... convey the significance of the individual and of human relations ... Reduced to essentials, I try with the greatest economy of lines, to achieve a life-giving force in a diffused style to reveal through the human body man's unlimited resources."

The book, which can be seen in the Monterey Library and the Clark Museum Library in Williamstown, is illustrated with photographs of twenty-five of Fred's works. "Humanity", shown on page 24, was chosen by a jury, in 1972, for the first international exhibit at the prestigious Salon d'Automne in Paris. The striking grain of the tulipwood seems to have been designed by nature to bring out the contours of the male and female form in this handsome allegorical piece. "I frequently picture moods of warmth and affection through the fusion of two bodies: moods of contemplation and meditation."

The profitable "Sun Inside" helped art sales since the Lancome house was an art gallery, too. The wide publicity that the meals received helped the gallery, and art patrons stayed on for meals. One guest fell in love with one of Fred's sculptures as he waited to be seated in the dining room. He said, "Do you know, that's the most expensive meal I ever ate in my life?"

The Lancomes have always been active participants

in the social and political life of Monterey. When their son Claude was four, Lucie got some other mothers together and started a play group that moved around to different households until it got bigger and settled in the church basement. Meanwhile, Claude had graduated into Monterey's one-room school, and Lucie had become a member of the school board. She worked for seven years to bring about the first K-12 school district in Massachusetts. In 1953 the Berkshire Regional School became a reality, and Fred became the first president of its PTA.

Lucie continued her interest in the Monterey School. She volunteered three days a week as secretary of the school library until the school board saw how necessary the position was and gave it official support. Fred was also president of the Monterey PTA. The Lancomes took part in the civil rights movement, were active members of the South Berkshire Fellowship of Reconciliation, and helped make Monterey's Democratic Party into an effective force.

Fred was chairman of the town Democratic Committee for six years until he retired just a few years ago. During those years the Lancomes introduced a number of Democratic candidates to the South Berkshire region with large "launching parties" at their house. Two governors, Peabody and Dukakis, and a State Attorney, Anthony Ruberto, are among those who benefitted from this kind of send-off in Monterey.

Though the Lancomes no longer operate the restaurant, they do run the Sun Inside Sculpture Gallery in the summer months. Perhaps they owe some of their abundant energy and lively interest in everything around them to their long dedication to dancing and swimming. Early on, they became square-dancing devotees and travelled all around the region to whatever school, church or grange hall was sponsoring a dance. And as long as the weather allows, they are daily swimmers at Lake Garfield—the serious kind who go for a solid workout of at least thirty minutes. In the winter they go three days a week for a long swim at the YMCA in Pittsfield. This is a physical statement of their philosophy: *mens sana in corpore sano*.

Fred speaks in his book of the dancer as "living sculpture," expressing the vital rhythm of life. He has dedicated his work to the return to feeling, harmony and contemplation, away from an undue concern with the merely technological and material side of our culture. His work, and the whole force of his life, and Lucie's, has been addressed to reducing our alienation from ourselves, from having come "too close to things, and too far from each other."

— David P. McAllester

*Monterey*  
by Leonard Weber



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# FRIMA

*The following story is based on the real-life experiences of the author's relatives.*

Once there were two sisters. Their names were Frima and Miriam Rozyanko. They lived with their family of aunts and uncles, grandparents and cousins, not so long ago in a town called Buchavich.

Their parents, Benjamin and Rosa Rozyanko, were important people in the community. Their grandpa, who they called Zaidye, was a wise and beloved elder of the Temple.

They had a nice restaurant where people would come to celebrate special occasions. They owned a store that sold grain and meat. Farmers would sell their eggs and vegetables to Benjamin and Rosa, and they would sell them to the buyers from the city who came by train to Buchavich.

They owned land—woods and fields—where men cut firewood for the long winters and the family kept horses and other animals. Their lives were busy and happy.

One day everything changed. Soldiers came to Buchavich. They killed Jewish people. Their beloved Zaidye was shot and died in the town square. Frima didn't know why. Miriam cried. Rosa and Benjamin were afraid. They knew they had to hide.

Frima was a big girl, and she was strong. Her parents knew she could survive what lay ahead. But Miriam was small, not much more than a baby. Rosa and Benjamin were afraid she might not live through the winter. After many prayers and tears and kisses, they decided to leave Miriam with kind neighbors who were not Jewish.

That evening, after sunset, they left their home. Silently they made their way to the barn of a farmer they knew, and begged the farmer to hide them and save their lives.

Anton, the farmer, pitied them. He hid them in one of the deep cellar holes in his barn where he kept turnips. He knew it would be dangerous. In those times people were killed for helping Jews. He prayed that they would all be safe. He never told his family that they were there.

Frima and Rosa and Benjamin would come out at night to stretch. They felt good when they saw the moon and the stars. The barn animals were pleasant neighbors. Anton brought them whatever food he could with the

money Benjamin gave him. The seasons passed. They prayed.

One night Anton told Benjamin that all the money had been spent. He would need more money to buy enough food to keep them through another winter. Frima and Rosa and Benjamin didn't know who to ask for money. All of their family and friends were dead or hiding.

Frima said, "We could ask Father Andre. He is a man of God."

That night Benjamin made his way to Father Andre's church. He could see Father Andre alone, on his knees, praying. Quietly, he crept into the chapel and, hiding in the shadows, he called to Father Andre.

When Father Andre saw him he turned pale. "You must go," he told Benjamin. "Now." He promised not to tell anyone he had seen him. Frima and Rosa were waiting hopefully. When they saw Benjamin's face, they knew Father Andre had said no.

All the next day they thought and prayed. That night Frima said, "Papa, I think you have to go back to Father Andre." Her parents could think of no one else.

That night Benjamin again made his way through the woods to Father Andre's church. Again he saw Father Andre alone, on his knees, praying. Once more he crept into the chapel and, hiding in the shadows, called to Father Andre.

This time when Father Andre saw Benjamin, he sprang to his feet, opened his arms wide, and embraced Benjamin. "Forgive me," said Father Andre. "Forgive me for any suffering I have caused you and your family." He explained that just before Benjamin had come the first time, he had learned that a priest in a neighboring village, a dear friend, had been shot for helping Jews. Father Andre apologized for being too upset at the time to think right.

Father Andre had been praying that Benjamin would come back. From under his cassock, he drew a leather pouch full of coins and gave it to Benjamin. Benjamin took the pouch of coins, and through grateful tears expressed his thanks in words. He told him that it was his daughter who had prayed and believed that Father Andre, a man of God, would do God's work. It was Frima's faith that had given him the courage to ask and to ask again.

Frima and Rosa were waiting quietly in the dark cellar hole under the barn. It seemed to them that Benjamin had been gone for a long time. They didn't talk because they were listening so hard. All of their worries were with them in the cellar hole. They thought about Miriam. Anton would tell them about her when he saw her, so they knew she was happy and healthy. There were so many others they didn't know about, cousins and aunts and uncles. What had become of them? And what would

become of their own little family if Father Andre didn't help them? Anton worried too. If his friends couldn't get any money for food, what would he do?

As soon as they heard Benjamin's footsteps, they knew that everything would be all right. He was so happy that he almost danced. He kissed Rosa and Frima and gave Anton some of the coins. They would be able to eat through the winter. Maybe peace would come in spring!

Peace did come. It didn't come that spring, but one more year later. The bells of Father Andre's church were ringing as Anton came one morning to tell them. They climbed up from the cellar hole into the daylight for the first time in four years. Anton's children looked at them and wondered at the family who had lived secretly in their barn.

Their first thought was for Miriam. They walked to their kind neighbor's house. Miriam was in school, she told them. She said she thought it would be better if Miriam stayed with her until Benjamin and Rosa found a new home. Then she said that she loved Miriam so much that she felt Miriam was her own child now, and she could not let her go.

Benjamin and Rosa and Frima were very upset. This was unexpected. Rosa started to cry. She had waited so many years to see Miriam and hug her and kiss her, and now this! Benjamin put his arms around her to comfort her. They started walking back to Anton's barn.

Frima was angry! It just wasn't fair! She told her parents she would join them at the barn later.

Frima walked to the school. The children were playing in the school yard. Though it had been four years since the sisters had seen each other, they knew each other at once. They sat together on the hillside and talked. Frima told Miriam about the long years in the cellar. Miriam told Frima about her life with her second family. She was the youngest child in the house and had been treated as a favorite by all the brothers and sisters. They had been very good to her, even when times were hard and food was scarce.

Frima told Miriam how things were now. She told her how Benjamin and Rosa were lonely for her and crying because they thought Miriam was part of someone else's family now.

Miriam grew silent. She was a little girl, and this was a grownup problem. She knew she had to make up her own mind about which was her real family. When she got home from school that afternoon, she was very quiet, and did not tell anyone about her visit with Frima. The kind woman who had cared for her for so many years said nothing to her about her parents. Miriam felt sad and confused.

The next day Frima brought Rosa and Benjamin to the school yard. As soon as Miriam saw her mother she wasn't so sad any more. They hugged and squeezed each other.

Miriam and her family walked back to the house where Miriam had spent the years of the war while her parents and her sister hid in the root cellar. She told the kind woman who loved her, "My Zaidye is gone, my aunts and uncles and cousins are gone, everything of mine is gone except my father and my mother and my sister. Now we are together again. You and your family saved my life. I will never forget you for that."

The kind woman, whose name was Marie, started to cry. She understood that Miriam belonged with her mother and father and sister, but it hurt her to think that Miriam would not be her little girl any more. She gave Miriam her special embroidered shawl to keep always to remember her, and hugged her close and kissed her. Miriam was crying too, because she really loved Marie, and had called her Mama all those years.

The Rozyanko family walked together through Buchavich. Their store by the railroad station had been destroyed by a fire. The restaurant was an empty building. Even the stove was gone.

As they stood in the bare room remembering the days in the past when they had been so busy and happy, a voice called to them, "Is it you? Is it really you, Rosa?" They looked up. It was Aunt Dora and her husband, Uncle Szepa. What joy! What happiness! What tears and laughter!

Dora and Szepa told their story. They had spent the war years in the swamp on a raft they had made of logs. They survived by eating the plants and animals they found. It had been very difficult. The winters were long and cold, and the swamp was damp. They couldn't make a fire for fear that they would be discovered. Their only hope was that other members of their family had survived and that someday they would be together again.

The grownups talked and talked. It was so wonderful to see and hear each other again. The girls too were happy to be together. It seemed like a dream come true.

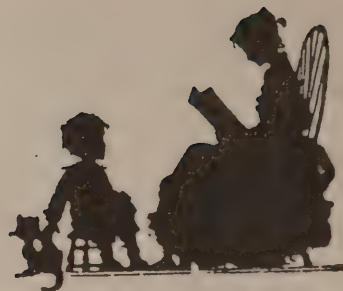
Buchavich was a sad place now. The temple had been destroyed. The Jewish community was gone. Frima and Miriam, Rosa and Benjamin, Dora and Szepa no longer felt a part of Buchavich. It was not the same place they had known and loved.

They decided to begin a new life together in a new place. One day they said goodbye to Buchavich, and to the life they had known there.

— Leslie Scutellaro

# ANSWERS TO PUZZLE

I	L	L	E		C	A	N	T			C	H	I	S		
N	E	A	T		A	L	E	E				L	O	S	T	
C	A	P	R	I	C	O	R	N				A	S	E	A	
A	S	S	E	N	T	E	D			L	I	S	T	E	N	
					P	U	S			T	I	N	S			
T	A	U	R	U	S			O	R	B	S		R	N	A	
O	R	N	O	T		A	P	A	R	T	H	E	I	D		
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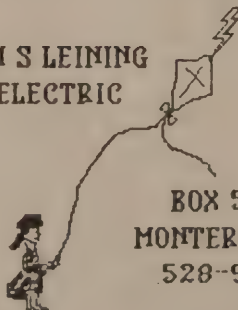
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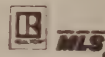
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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor:

They went to a faraway place to fulfill a mission. They were told that the work would be hot during the day and cool at night. They slept on the floor with just the bare minimum of bathroom facilities. It was early to bed and early to rise, and they rose to the battle cry each morning.

No, I am NOT referring to the troops returning from the Middle East. *These* men and women were battling a much more prolific enemy—poverty.

I had the privilege of being with seven Villanova students for the week, as a construction supervisor for the Habitat for Humanity project in Tijuana, Mexico. We dug and laid cement blocks, elbow to elbow with the Mexican folks who inhabit the homes of the project. The work was hot and heavy. When the work was done, local children and adults would come to an impromptu English class, and the students would then teach the eager locals English and make a lasting bond at the same time. And if that wasn't enough, others would go to an orphanage to play with the children there.

I was TOTALLY taken by surprise. The compassion and sensitivity of these students overwhelmed me. Much of the music that was brought on tape was of my generation (I'm 38). I told them that they had done more to effect change than anyone I personally knew. They were surprised to hear this. They assumed the reverse. I was so proud to be a part of their group that even after returning home, if I think about the total week-long experience, I begin to cry with a smile on my face.

We did a good job, and now we're home. But it's like trying to tell a stranger 'bout rock and roll because this letter can not begin to express my love for these people. And all the friends we made. Friends for life.

I know when someone moves away you like to think that they are the same people, in a new location. I would like to assure you all back in Monterey that I am changed in a small way for this experience. Strange as it may seem, this year's Habitat for Humanity project is in Miami. Come on down!

— Vincent Scutellaro

To the Editor:

I am happy the Odyssey program has passed. I have a ninth grader in Mount Everett who has transferred from a neighboring school system and who has blossomed both socially and academically at Mount Everett, which actually is a better school than many communities can boast.

It is perhaps unfortunate that there exists in the Sheffield area an artificial "brain drain" of academically gifted students to private schools who offer free tuition to those living in the area who qualify, and those private schools then can use their enhanced test scores to compete favorably in attracting wealthier boarding students from around the country. My teenager and I have been through the interview process at several of these schools and decided against taking advantage, even though the schools all offer very good opportunities. Questions of prejudice against the working class bothered me.

I believe in public education that brings all levels of a community together on an equal basis.

Studies have been done which have shown that gifted students do not necessarily benefit from being educated separately in general, and that, in fact, their presence in the regular classroom tends to enhance and encourage the performance of "average" students. Mount Everett's small size is, in fact, a plus because teachers can, and do, respond individually to their students, and I believe the Odyssey schedule will increase teachers' ability to do this. Upon entering the Mount Everett system, my teenager was offered advanced placement in several subjects. When she recently expressed boredom in one, the teacher responded with a special project that she is now enthused about. Gifted students can work at their own level there.

When gifted students graduate, they have to enter a world in which many adults are not gifted. They will have to work with, and for, such people all their lives. One of the most important things for a gifted individual to learn is how to be happy, to seek fulfillment, in an ungifted world.

I believe the Odyssey schedule will give teachers and students time and opportunities to work together as individuals even more than they presently do.

The Mount Everett school seems to me to be one of the warmest, healthiest places anyone could want youngsters to be.

— Denise S. Matteau

To the Editor:

We particularly enjoyed the February issue of the *Monterey News*, which was informative and entertaining as usual. I suppose one of the reasons this issue was enjoyable—I decided to do Ted Tchack's crossword puzzle. Not being much of a puzzle fan, I finally finished it with the full help of my library and a considerable period of time. Maggie Leonard's detailed and well written reports on town activities and Bonner's piece on teaching a Sunday school class were particularly appreciated. Death of Henry Rydberg was noted with sadness. This kindly gentleman was our neighbor on Sylvan Road for many years.

On a recent trip to Florida, Jean and I enjoyed visiting with the following now or former residents of Monterey: Arthur and Alice Somers in Lake Placid, Joan Reed wintering on Sugar Loaf Key and Virgil and Marie Brallier in Nokomis.

Keep up the good work on the *News*—Many people appreciate your efforts.

— Stew Stowell



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## CONTRIBUTIONS

We thank the following people for their recent contributions:

M/M Anthony Cafaro  
Patricia Holohan  
Nancy Pasche  
E. W. Moreton  
Harry & Sylvia Allan\*

*\*Our apologies to the Allans, who actually sent their contribution last October. The check somehow got lost in the Post Office and resurfaced in March.*

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## PERSONAL NOTES

Congratulations to the talented **Patrick McBride**, who has landed the co-leading male role of Pantheus, King of Thebes, in the Greek tragedy, *The Bacchae*, to be performed at Whitman College in early April. A freshman at Whitman in Washington State, Patrick plans to major in drama and psychology. Terrific work, Pat!

Hats off to **Natasha Grotz**, one of twelve women alpine racers named as automatic selections to the Eastern team which competed in the prestigious 1991 Rolex/USSA Junior Olympic National Championships in Lake Placid, New York, on March 18-24.



Tasha was selected based on outstanding race results in the FIS Eastern Cup Championship Series of races held during January and February. In the final Junior Olympic qualifying races at Gore and West Mountains in New York, Tasha competed against the top one hundred women racers in the East vying for four slots on the team. She won the downhill title, captured the silver in the super giant slalom, and won the bronze in the giant slalom. Tasha was selected to compete in all of these events, as well as the slalom, at Lake Placid.

And congratulations to **Sven Aas**, who is a finalist in the 1991 National Merit Scholarship program. Fewer than one half of one percent of American high school seniors receive this distinction, and

it will place Sven in competition for over 1,800 scholarships awarded on a state representational basis. A senior at Monument Mountain Regional High School, Sven is the son of **Einar Aas** of Great Barrington and **Bonnie Dyer-Bennett** of Monterey, and the grandson of **Richard** and **Mel Dyer-Bennett**, also of Monterey. Sven has worked at the Monterey General Store for the past two summers. An outstanding accomplishment, Sven!

Also, congratulations to **Tara Bradley**, who has been accepted into Emerson College's Mass Communications graduate program. A graduate of St. Joseph's High School and Regis College in Boston, Tara is the daughter of **Maureen Bradley** of Blue Hill Road.

And hats off to **Keith Hastedt** of Gould Road, who was named to the dean's list for the first semester at Regents College in Albany, New York.

That she might receive the credit she well deserves, let it be noted that **Rachel Rodgers**, a ninth grader at Mt. Everett Regional High School, achieved High Honors for the second quarter. That's great, Rachel. Keep up the good work!

One hundred percent of the eligible Monterey students earned recognition on the principal's list for the second trimester at Berkshire Country Day School. Ninth grader **Micole Raab** made Honors, seventh grader **Oriana Raab** made Honors, and seventh grader **Morgan Schick** made High Honors.

When seventh graders at Mt. Everett were given an assignment to isolate a problem and come up with a solution, **Kevin Ohman** created an all-purpose bracelet with rope for matches, lipstick, and numerous other essentials, and **Vanessa Halley** invented a vegetable gripper for use while peeling potatoes, carrots, etc. Let's hear it for Monterey's budding Edisons!

Bravo for cellist **Joshua Aerie**, who auditioned successfully for the Empire State Repertory Orchestra. At fourteen, Joshua is one of the youngest members of the Albany-based musical group.

We are delighted to report that **Milly Walsh** is home in Monterey and, from all reports, enjoying a remarkable recovery after her recent surgery.

Speedy recovery wishes to **Richard Sheridan**, who recently suffered a broken foot.

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The Bidwell House, Brewer House, and Rock Ridge were listed on the Massachusetts Historical Commission's recently issued register of historic buildings, sites and districts.

Very Happy Birthday Wishes to **Maynard Forbes** and **Wendy Tryon** on April 2, to **Eric Pedersen** on April 4, to **Karl Quisenberry** on April 5, to **Helen Shaw** on April 12, to **Don Coburn** on April 18, to **Ezra Small** on April 27, and to **Robert Logsdon** on April 29. And a Very Happy Anniversary wish to **Maynard** and **Gale Forbes** on April 5.

We've received some wonderful responses to our call for a Monterey finish for "You Know You Are In A Small Town When . . ." Here they are:

**You know you are in a small town when . . .**

- . . . You buy a car from a local man and the neighbors think he's moved in with you.
- . . . The highlight of the town parade is a lone carrot costume.
- . . . You have no idea of the name of that wine you like, but not to worry—the store owner knows.
- . . . The dirtiest four-letter word heard in town is spelled B-E-R-M.
- . . . The neighbors can't see you, but they know you're working in your front yard when they hear horns tooting and people hollering from their cars.
- . . . You give directions to your home citing rocks, trees, bumps in the road, and the name of the family that owned the property 150 years ago.
- . . . It's your child's first day of school and you receive a phone call asking you to be PTA president.
- . . . There is no contest for the selectman's seat, but three candidates for both the Cemetery Commission and the Fence Viewer's post.
- . . . The postmaster is everyone's best friend. . . He can tell you approximately how many Christmas cards you mailed last year for "ONLY. . ."
- . . . The local fire department has experience getting cows out of swimming pools.
- . . . That \$150 budget item for a repair on the police cruiser is controversial and seems unnecessary.
- . . . You haven't been able to locate the key to your front door in about ten years.
- . . . You are about to purchase sugar and the store clerk reminds you that you got some yesterday.
- . . . Nick Diller and Tom Jay are household names, but who is Peter Arnett?
- . . . You go to the big town wearing your highest rubber boots and find the rest of the world sporting sandals.

- . . . You miss your daily walk and people phone to see if you're okay.
- . . . Your mail is delivered addressed with only your first name and zip code on the envelope.
- . . . It's impossible to take a walk because people keep stopping their cars to offer a ride.

Any little news you'd like to share? Jot it down and drop it in the mail to me, just Route 23, or give me a call at 528-4519. Your contributions are appreciated! We would also like to start including photographs whenever possible, so we can put faces on some of those names you read about! If you have one to submit with your news item, please do so. It will be returned to you in A-1 condition!

— Stephanie Grotz



## CALENDAR

*Tuesday, April 2*—Prayer Breakfast at Alice Howell's home. 7:00 a.m.

*Wednesday, April 10*—Community Dinner, 6:30 p.m. in the church basement.

*Thursday, April 11*—Friends of Silence meditation at Alice Howell's home. 7:30 a.m.

*Saturday, April 13*—Square and Contra Dance, New England-style, at the Sheffield Grange, Route 7, Sheffield, Mass. 8:30-11:30 p.m. This program is open to anyone. Beginners and children welcome. All dances taught by caller Joe Baker, music by Mountain Laurel. Refreshments served. Adults, \$4; children, \$1 to dance until intermission. Information: (413) 528-9385.

*Saturday, April 27*—Square and Contra Dance, New England-style, at the Sheffield Grange, Route 7, Sheffield, Mass. 8:30 p.m.-11:30 p.m. This program is for people who have done it before. Joe Baker calling, music by Mountain Laurel. Refreshments served. Admission \$4. Information: 528-9385.

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Back cover ads are double the above prices. All ads should be submitted camera-ready.

Editorial material should reach the editor by the 15th of the month before publication, ads by the 20th.

In general, we cannot run letters more than one column in length, and we will not run unsigned letters.

We welcome your submissions.

Questions? Call the editor at 528-3128.

Editor ..... Alice Schick

Reporters ..... Maggie Leonard  
David P. McAllester  
Ellen K. Pearson

Poetry Editor ..... David P. McAllester

Personal Notes Editor .... Stephanie Grotz

Business Manager ..... Barbara Gauthier

Typesetters ..... Pat Amstead

Eileen Clawson

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